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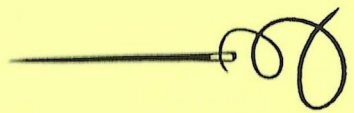


- I've been talking about
- 2006, 2009, 2015, 2025
- I've been thinking about

This book was written anonymously
and in collaboration at
The Chapbook Factory, 2025.

Designed & edited
by Lucy K Shaw
March 2025

I've been talking about...

my grandma's concussion in the caretaker facility. I've been talking about the recent warm weather. I've been talking about the long poem. I've been talking about... I've been talking about... I've been talking about what to eat and when. I've been talking about Mariah Carey.

I've been talking about the evolutionary transformations of whales losing their legs. I've been talking about why I love New York City. I've been talking about the future. I've been talking about employment rights. I've been talking about, 'Are the dishes clean or dirty?' I've been talking about making things holy. I've been talking about what went wrong and becoming a new person at your new age. I've been talking about, 'Who do you want to be now?'

I've been talking about making a cob oven this spring and hosting a pizza cookoff. I've been talking about, 'how are you doing?' I've been talking about my butt. I've been talking about prepping. I've been talking about what's holy. I've been talking about my skills as an English teacher and how I'd fit into the picture at W****** School of English. I've been talking about Frank Sinatra. I've been talking about a coven of cats. I've been talking about Virgina Woolf's Diary. She used to live near here! She's talking about the bridge!

I've been talking about staying alive. I've been talking about how it's hard to focus on more than two creative pursuits at any given time. I think I should be talking about how it's hard to focus on just one. I've been talking about my task. I've been talking about the obsolescence of voicemails. I've been talking about a date that left me a little broken-hearted. I've been talking about sleeping arrangements.

I've been talking about the revelation that came to me on edibles. I've been talking about pangea. I've been talking about 90-day fiancé. I've been talking about David Lynch. I've been talking about K. Silem Mohammad. I've been talking about cock rings. I've been talking about becoming non-verbal. I've been talking about taking turns. I've been talking about, 'Are you okay?' I've been talking about the fact that if you were a Napoleon Dynamite fan, you just 'get it'.

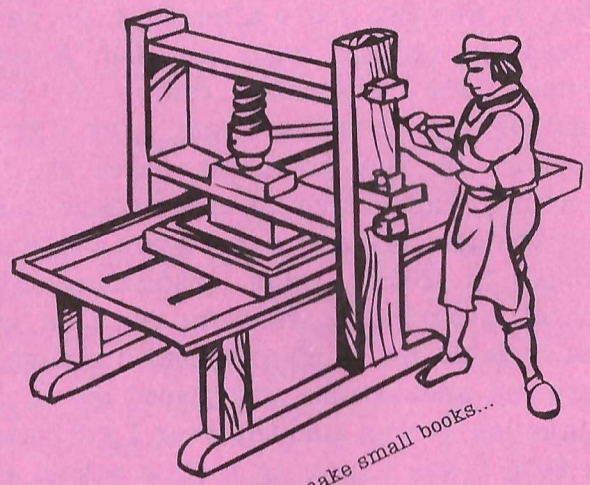
I've been talking about how pleased I am my fingertip is growing back so well. I've been talking about how they're not using the fingerguard on their mandolin on the new Lurpak advert. I've been talking about going to Bingo. I've been talking about having a spaciousness for spirituality while not believing in god. I've been talking about raw veganism. I've been talking about what makes a professional clown professional. I've been talking about how a professional clown cannot have knowledge of the existence of sex but a mime can.

I've been talking about plans. I've been talking about ducks. I've been talking about August. I've been talking about Palestine. I've been talking about the weather. I've been talking about the weather. I've been talking about Ozempic. I've been talking about Buddhism but in an earnest sense.

I've been talking about Snapchat filters. I've been talking about what it means to grow up in the 80s as a butch lesbian, but tangentially. I've been talking about flarf poetry. I've been talking about turkey sandwiches without the turkey. I've been talking about the love I have for my mother.

I've been talking about the pain in my left shoulder and how it hurts to put on a coat and it hurts to brush my hair and it hurts to pull the blanket up over my body at night. I've been talking about not wanting to be criticized so much even if you think it's helping me. I've been talking about friends I don't like.

I've been talking about the difference between passing time and meaningful activity. I've been talking about who needs to lose this weekend so Fulham can go up the Premier League table. I've been talking about the difference between trying to go back to being the person you were before it all.



Must make small books...

In 2006 I was struggling with chemistry. In 2006 I was nine which means I was in fourth grade. I remember my classroom and my school friends and the cubby where I kept my school supplies inside a striped pouch. In 2006 I was so unaware of how much I didn't know, it seems unbelievable to me now. In 2006 I was already in love with Jeremy. I was living on 9th street. I was wild. In 2006 I was a sophomore in high school. I know this year; it was two years after 2004. Oh yeah, I went to Chicago with my dad. Bruce's house. Big anecdote there. I read 'Controversy Creates Cash' by Erich Bischoff in the hotel. At three in the morning. Walked around everywhere. Some guy thought my dad and I were brothers. Gross. In 2006 I was graduating high school, a turbulent year for me that was the culmination of mental health struggles thru my adolescence and placed me in the bughouse. It was also the year I got better. In 2006 I was finishing middle school and 'a sensitive child' who hadn't kissed anyone and was very unsure of myself but had big feelings about yugioh and pokemon and I can't remember if I'd stopped reading goosebumps yet but goosebumps was a big part of that period of my life as I remember it. In 2006 I was in sixth grade and was prohibited from using a backpack in school. Forced to carry my binders and textbooks in my arms from class to class. In 2006, I was not 7 nor 9 but 8. In 2006, I was telling my mum that my newborn brother looked like a doll. In 2006 I was 16. Awww bless her. I had never kissed anyone. Maybe I was about to have my first kiss be for a part in the play. I can't remember a lot.

In 2009, I was out of high school. Went to Big Splash for the community college orientation. I made an A in comp I was almost kicked out of community college by asking my politics professor if "Assassinating" a president counted as "Political Participation." In 2009 I was learning to be a hipster. In 2009 I was 11 which means I was in 6th grade. I don't have the best memories from this year which made me... Not many memories of this year at all. I loved my mp4.

In 2009, I was the most handsome cute kid of the neighbourhood. My neighbours could not stand it so they moved out. In 2009, I was signing up for twitter on the family computer because it didn't have a minimum age like Facebook, probably while listening to Lady Gaga on Spotify. In 2009 I was graduating college, trying to move to Prague (away from Michigan) with a couple job interviews and a couple thousand dollars from my grandma's death, all of which got spent when the interviews fell through and I failed to adapt to a new country. In 2009 I was solidly in high school and had gone from a sensitive child to a faggot. A baby faggot, but definitely a faggot. I was drinking heavily every weekend but hiding it by getting blackout drunk at 11am so I sobered up for my 6pm curfew. I made out with 14 boys and 3 girls in 1 night and it was written on the walls of my high school. I still claimed to be straight. In 2009 I was 19. I was pregnant by accident.

I was getting an abortion in secret. People seem to care or think getting an abortion is at least foundational or interesting of a story but I haven't felt that way. My therapist always brings it up and I'm like, girl I don't even think about that. In 2009 I was living with Amiee; I was working at the law firm and staying up all night. In 2009 I was about to be set free into the life I always wanted to live, when I finally had some freedom.

In 2015, I was in New York City, working as a tutor for cash and feeling rich for the first time in my life; I actually had enough to eat dinner every night! In 2015 I was strangely settling into the life that I live now, though I didn't know that of course. In 2015, I was off school for two weeks with mono, though at the end of that period the tests came back 'inconclusive'. In 2015 I was out as bi and was just about to try coming out as nonbinary, but would end up recloseting because my abusive not yet ex would

punish me about it. I had just got a diagnosis of major depressive disorder but in hindsight I think that was less genetic and more an outcome of possible black mould poisoning and being in a relationship that gave me PTSD. In 2015 I was working for a man who said 'holy guacamoles'. In 2015, my nervous system was beginning to unwind. I discovered essays. In 2015, I was trying everything I can to get rid of acne pimples but I eventually wanted to find vegan techniques so it was tricky. In 2015 I was 25. I took acid for the very first time in Arizona and what can I say? It changed my life. Or my perspective, which is life. I sat on the floor of the Phoenix airport and tried composing a perfect text to explain what I had experienced. In 2015 I was leaving Toronto. I didn't want to leave the house. In 2015 I was 17 and then 18 and my first year at university I had very heavy bangs I failed French because it was at 8am and I fell asleep at my desk every time.

In 2025, I am thinking too much about the years behind me, and not enough about the years ahead.

In 2025 I am protecting my peace. In 2025 I am trying to make changes but just staying above water. The kids are getting older, but they aren't any easier. In 2025 I am twenty seven. Yesterday I asked Pete what age I was, am I 27 or 26 I can't remember. 27. Damn okay that's okay. Pete said I wish I was 27...wait no not actually. In 2025, I am considering laser to be scar free. I love skincare more than ever. In 2025 I am disabled but not with depression or PTSD or mould poisoning and I am cool and free and happy. I'm queer and nonbinary but talking about maybe marrying someone I actually want to marry. I write better and maybe less but for sure more sustainably. In 2025 I am 35 but it doesn't seem to add up. Isn't that ancient? I do feel ancient. But where is all the proof? Why am I obsessed with proof? Because I've been lied to. In 2025 I am somehow a composite of all those other people and I don't know how so much time passed. In 2025 I am negotiating a move back to Brooklyn, married with a dog, my same old cat, and a growing little family life.

I've been thinking about...

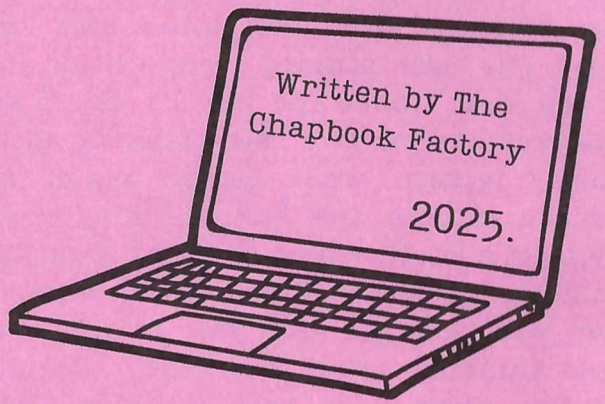
I've been thinking about sleep. I've been thinking about how the rhythm of the city can influence my work. I've been thinking about where to locate myself during a collapse. I've been thinking about ads on the subway. I've been thinking about "the stench of the playhouse." I've been thinking about how to deal with my new neighbour's body odour which eventually escapes his door to enter mine. I've been thinking about russet. I've been thinking about the fact that the days lengthen but the cold strengthens. I've been thinking about the influence of the seaside in my writings. I've been thinking about Petra von Kant. I've been thinking about small line drawings. I've been thinking about geography very much lately even tho I used to hate it. Too much readings on geopolitics or being lost might have made a difference.

I've been thinking about the mantra 'live laugh love.' I've been thinking about salt. I've been thinking about how not to be obsessed with making new friends while arriving in a new city. I've been thinking about what the "writing feeling" is. I've been thinking about how an orange man is ruining the United States of America and how a lot of people are scared. I' ve been thinking about gardening; chillies, and peppers, and aubergines. I've been thinking about Fran Liebowitz and that interview where she said she doesn't have a computer and doesn't use the internet. I've been thinking about the evolution of whales and how when they lost their legs, the first whale couple must have though it was a birth defect and felt sad that their baby had to live in the ocean. I've been thinking of going out in public in a wig, but acting very nonchalant about it. I've been thinking about trying to write a poem as not-me. I've been thinking about what I'd tweet if I still had twitter.

I've been thinking about the presence of "negativity" in my writing voice. I've been thinking about temporary places where ideas are movable and so I become... I've been thinking about how to bring my Christmas cactus back to life. I´ve been thinking about miniature globes I've been thinking about throwing in the towel. I've been thinking about Proust and how much I miss him. I've been thinking about the price of groceries and how living sustainably doesn't fit my lifestyle because I bought a condo. I've been thinking about silvery blue and Whistler's Thames. I've been thinking about all the things I have to do. I've been thinking about movement; I've been thinking about not slipping. I've been thinking about transfats. I've been thinking about my bank account. I've been thinking about my mom a lot. I've been thinking about the matrix (I forgot it had a plot with like, aliens and stuff. I remembered it being about gay sex and punching cops). I've been thinking about whether to clip my cat's nails. Is it worth the drama? I've been thinking about the way that brains work.

I've been thinking about powerlessness. I've been thinking about how to avoid the economy. I've been thinking about color theory. I've been thinking about chocolate. I've been thinking about ant farms. I've been thinking about getting a new job. I've been thinking about cassettes, dementia, talking... Do I have a pen? My pen isn't working, now it works. I've been thinking about being less precious. I've been thinking about the fact that the days lengthen but the cold strengthens. I've been thinking about soft boiled eggs and bread. I've been thinking about writing and all the ideas I have and how I'd like to get into bookbinding. I've been thinking about Shirley Jackson, who's become one of my favorite authors. I've been thinking about my mom a lot. I´ve been thinking about the children. I´ve been thinking about whether they will have me next year or not. I´ve been thinking about how they are my favorite object. I´ve been thinking about the comments the other teachers made about the children when we were discussing their progress.

I´ve been thinking about how I said I loved the world candidly. I've been thinking about alternatives to traditional wood lath, like chopsticks. I've been thinking about glyphs, ancient symbols - and the blurry lines between text and image. I've been thinking about aliens. I've been thinking about David Lynch, Twin Peaks, and parallel dream realities.



We gathered from around the world on Sundays, spent the late-winter reading little books from the past five hundred years, and wrote our own manuscripts in the meantime.

For information about the chapbooks produced and forthcoming writing workshops, visit:
shabbydollhouse.com